VOL. 44 NO. 1110 JANUARY 24 1903 PRICE 10 CENTS

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Judge

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"WHEN TRUST MEETS TRUST."

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Terms to Subscribers.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers -	$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers -	2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - -	1.25

Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

WESTERN OFFICE—*828-829 Marquette Building, Chicago.*

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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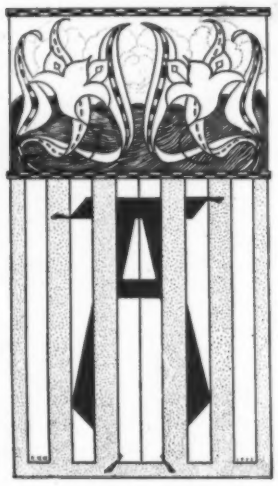


A GOOD POT of money might be made by exhibiting the South American dogs of war in a metropolitan bench-show.

* * *

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL, be he politician or not, insists upon having his boots as water-proof as his thirst is fire-water proof.

* * *

IN LOOKING for a candidate to head the ticket in 1904, the Democratic managers will fancy that they are hunting the church-fair stew for the time-honored solitary saddle-rock.

* * *

IT WOULD be a fortunate thing for many of our so-called statesmen if a company should be established that would insure their political lives. On second thought, however, the risk would be too great to make a political life-insurance company possible.

* * *

THE COMBINATION of the sublime and the ridiculous is seen in its wildest and most picturesque beauty in the statesman whose appearance is leonine, while his language out-platitudes the street-car "ad."

* * *

IN LOOKING over the list of Democratic possibilities, be they of the job-lot, bargain-counter, or show-window variety, it is not very difficult to see, without the aid of a telescope, many specimens that are so slippery that, if ashes were sprinkled upon them, their specialty would still be that of the eel.

IF THERE IS anything else for which Uncle Sam feels the same regard that he has for his flag it is the prosperity of his children. He is a good and at the same time a level-headed father and general all-round shepherd, and when anything flashes into his ken that savors of a menace to the prosperity and well-being of his social system he is immediately up in arms, that the impending evil may be wiped from his vision. At present the only situation he can see that seems to militate against the silken smoothness of the eighteen-karat good times that he has been ladling out so generously with the large diamond-studded spoon of Republican prosperity is that of the unions who persistently hold the bludgeon of strike over our industries. There is not a workshop or a factory in the length and breadth of this land that is not in the shadow of this club, which appears to be the one and only menace that at present rubs Uncle Sam against the grain. Some day his patience may wear out, and when that day arrives the high-privates of industry may discover that they have barked up the wrong tree, and gain a line on the tempestuous liveliness of a volcano when it is thoroughly wakened and vaselined for action. Uncle Sam is long-suffering and patient, and his good-nature is the apotheosis of all that is smooth and mellifluous; but the day may not be far distant when he will doff his sartorial trappings for the fray, and then the fur and the feathers will fly, to the end that the unions may know when they are well off, and also gain a better idea as to what constitutes the real prosperity which can never be theirs so long as they brandish the club of strike against the factory and the workshop, which is their way of trampling on the golden outlook and kicking all the rubies and diamonds rudely out of it.

* * *

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK the tug of war becomes the main feature of the scene; and it is a fact that goes without saying that any man, though neither a critic nor a patron of art, will always find pleasure in looking at such a picture, if for no other reason than that it illustrates a struggle for that preferred supremacy which means shekels of gold and silver for the victor. At the present time the battle that, so to speak, absorbs the public eye is a continuous one; and although, to use a sporting term, it is to a finish, it is not at all likely that it will ever be finished. This battle, which is a pitched one in the truest sense, is being carried on by two great giants who represent the commercial and the labor-union trusts. Uncle Sam is standing in the background watching the fray with deep interest, and probably wondering how long it will last, and if it will finally be necessary for him to step in and end it. So far as the fate of the two gladiators is concerned, it would be merely a matter of dog eat dog to the average observer, who views things through the spectacles of justice, if it were not for the large imperial fact that the consumer, out of whom these champions of greed make their financial all, is being so badly trampled on and fractured by them that he may shortly become a subject that will baffle the best exponents of knifeless and bloodless surgery. The consumer is beginning to realize that his anatomy is not boot and club proof, and that even his endurance has its limitations. He is in a sense the goose that lays the golden egg of prosperity, and that as such he should not be crushed to death by the two hot-headed and unreasoning combatants whose fight to attain their own selfish ends is a most emphatic menace to the general welfare. Uncle Sam is in a brown study, for no matter how he turns and twists the situation in his mind a solution of the many-sided puzzle is still as far off as ever. Some day he may take a hand in the game himself, and then, as we have it in the picturesque and flowery vernacular, "there'll be something doing."

IN THE ART-GALLERY.

DAUGHTER—"Rosa Bonheur could paint all kinds of animals, but not men."
MOTHER—"You mean all kinds of animals but men, my dear."

LONGIN' FO' 'TILDY.

THINKIN' 'bout yo' all de day,
Wishin' I wuz gwine yo'r way;
Hungry jes' ter heah yo' say
"I's yo'r honey, 'Tildy Gay."

Seem so long f'um sun to sun;
Seem wo'k nebber would be done.
All de day I want ter run
Right whar yo' is, 'Tildy, Hun.

Seem ez ef I cudn' wait;
Seem ez ef de time-clock late—
Longin' fo' mah sweethawt mate
Dat is waitin' at de gate.

Hoot-owl screech along de way
When I finish up de day;
Whip-poo'-will he seem ter say,
"Huyah home to 'Tildy Gay."

Jack-ma-lant'n light de road—
"Hump yo'se'f!" croak Mistah Toad.
Black bat scoot ez ef he knowed
Dat mah hawt hed los' its load.

A LONG SHOT.

Little Clarence (who reads and ponders)—"Pa, who was Pepys?"

Mr. Callipers—"I don't know, my son—in fact, I do not know anybody who does know; but I fancy he was the man who first invented dyspepsia."

A NEW KIND.

Miss Townfrom—"Oh, I'm afraid to eat those hard-boiled eggs. My doctor says they are so very indigestible."

The sanitarium hostess—"But these eggs are exceptions. They were laid by hens that are fed with predigested corn and wheat."

WELL NAMED.
GLADYS—"Why do you call your auto 'Sweet Sixteen'?"
JERROLD—"So hard to manage and looks so easy."

HIS GREAT HEAD.

"THE editor of the *Weekly Plaindealer* has an uncommonly prosperous and well-fed look just now," said the washing-machine agent, who had visited Pettyville often enough to be fairly well acquainted with its inhabitants.

"Yep," replied the landlord of the tavern. "You see, three weeks ago he published an item in his paper, sayin' that not more than one in ten of our society girls could cook a decent meal, and ever since then he's been fairly overwhelmed with invitations to dine out."

HE WAS RIGHT.

CROMWELL stood moodily watching the battle of Naseby.

"Why so downcast?" inquired his generals. "Aren't we making glorious history?"

"Not much!" cried Oliver. "We're only furnishing material for some fool novelist."

With an imprecation on posterity, he rushed off to dictate his terms of surrender.

WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

Spirit—"Don't I hear the sound of hammers? I thought there was to be no work up here?"

Saint Peter—"Well, we couldn't help it. That last sky-scraper went through the floor."

LUCKY RIP.
THE CHORUS—"Rip van Winkle is a lucky man to wake up after so long a sleep and get such a fine reception as this."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

Who sees Miss Hopper gayly hop
And o'er the scene serenely pop
At once knows why
This frisky, spry
Artist will ne'er decline and flop.

Her wild success no force can stop:
From her high niche she'll never drop.
She's there to stay
And shine away,
The bright star of the topmost top.

A SOCIALISTIC CONTROVERSY.

THE animals of the forest, finding a great inequality in their tails, met to adjust tails in such a way that all should have an equal amount. Some of them objected to this arrangement because they had use for longer tails than others, both for service and for appearance. "I can use my tail for climbing," said the opossum. "And I," said the horse, "can use mine to keep off flies." The elephant and the rhinoceros were thought to need no tails for such purposes, because their skins were too thick to feel flies and their bodies too big to hang from trees.

Accordingly, the first proposition was modified, and the beasts, recognizing that there could be no equality of tails without equality of needs, next proposed to let each one keep as much tail as he needed and surrender the rest. The tiger was thought to need no tail at all, and he was asked to give his up entirely, while the snake, which needed all he could get, ought to have some which belonged to others.

A RACING TERM.
"Stealing a Lap."

This view conflicted with what was deemed "vested rights" in such a way that many rejected it and tried to defend what they had, either from a sense of right, or because they could do so. The tiger said, "It is true I don't need my tail, but let me see any one try to take it from me." Other big animals said that tails belong to those who can defend them as well as to those who need them or had the good-fortune to get them. The angle-worm said, "Whoever takes my tail takes me, for I cannot tell where my tail begins and my body ends."

As the controversy grew warmer the animals soon wandered off from discussing their respective rights and got to accusing one another of the wrongs by which they got their present advantages. Some charged that in the first distribution of tails the monkey, which got more than his share, stole the tail of the elk, which has ever since been without a proper ending; while the beaver got the ear of the hippopotamus for a tail, leaving that animal to hear through a simple hole in his head. The raccoon was said to have twisted several tails into one bunch, to make for himself a thick, bushy appendage, while the snake was charged with carrying off so much tail that he got nothing else in the distribution of members. After a variety of such charges, which were meant to account for the inequalities of their condition, a general quarrel ensued between the beasts, and the most violent personalities were indulged in. Among other vituperations the bear said to the alligator, "You are all tail, except what is mouth"; and the elephant was charged with biting off the baboon's tail, which has ever since stuck to his upper lip.

A COACH AND FOUR.

The result of the whole controversy was that the meeting broke up in a row, and the inequality of tails still continues, and will do so until all can agree, not only on what is right, but on how to give all what they require.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

HER IDEA.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"How many animals went into the ark, Mary?"
MARY—"All that wasn't lost under th' sofa, or broke, or layin' on th' back-stairs, I guess."

A BRITISH JEST.

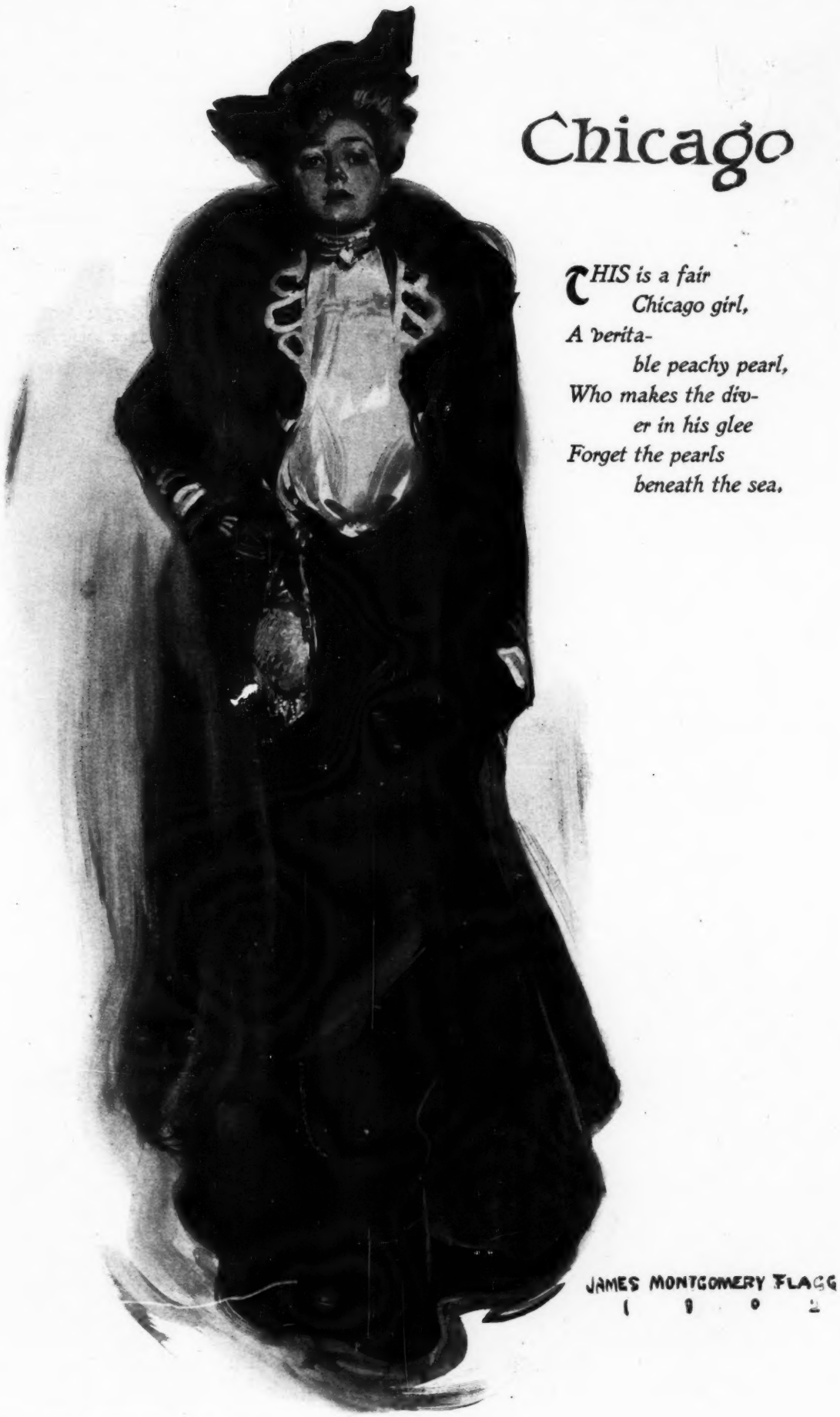
THE Chat Noir is a restaurant,
And to it, I should say,
A man should go who chanced to want
A *puss* café.

FELIX CARMEN.

A BY-PRODUCT.

Buffer—"What do you do with the jokes that none of the comic papers will take?"

Guyer—"Work 'em into dialect stories for the magazines."



Chicago

THIS is a fair
Chicago girl,
A verita-
ble peachy pearl,
Who makes the div-
er in his glee
Forget the pearls
beneath the sea.

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NO. 3.—"THE GIRLS OF OUR TOWN."

WHAT HURT.

"But don't you think you could be happy without money?"
"Oh, yes—if nobody else had any."

DISTRIBUTING THE COST.

"YES, sir; that hat and the drink cost me two dollars and a half."

"Did you drink champagne?"

UNCLE SNOWBALL'S CHICKEN FANCY.

MAH feelin's quicken when I see
De juicy chicken on de tree;

An' dough dere's plenty to be found,
Dat chicken 's twenty cents a pound.

An' so de moonlight soon will see
Dis gay ole coon light on de tree,

An' den de chicken, red er brack,
Will soon be kickin' in mah sack.

EXPENSIVE.

Clarence—"What's the matter, old chap? You look all cut up."

Reginald—"My sister is going to marry a duke."

Clarence—"That's nothing to feel down-hearted over—you ought to be proud."

Reginald—"Yes; but I can't afford to be proud. It's going to cost the old man such a lot of money that I'll have to go to work."

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

"THAT American prize-fighter will spare no expense in his match with the Frenchman."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he's even willing to have it come off by cable."

A HOPELESS TASK.

MRS. HANDOUT—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!"
WEARY WILLIE—"No use, mum. Me ant 's jest ez close-fisted ez de rest uv me relatives."

SUCH ARCHITECTURE!

NEW-YORKER—"Do you ever have cyclones here?"
SUBURBAN FRIEND—"No."
NEW-YORKER—"What a pity!"

ANOTHER MUSICAL INVENTION.

OUR genial friend, Hiram K. Bliggers, the inventor, approaches us with a glad light in his eye and a blue-print in his hand. "I've got it at last!" he exclaims.

"Again?" we ask. For we know how many times he has "got it," and equally how many times he hasn't had it.

"You bet!" he assures us. "Come up to the workshop and look it over."

We accompany him, not through any particular desire to see the new achievement, nor with the belief that he has discovered anything practicable, but simply to gratify him. Ushering us into the workshop, he uncovers a peculiar-looking contrivance. One side is like a phonograph; another side is fitted with a manikin wearing long hair; and, taken altogether, it resembles nothing heretofore made on earth.

"What is it, Hiram?" we ask. "A shoe-shining machine or a patent dish-washer?"

"Neither," he says with fine scorn. "It is a mechanical grand-opera composer."

"A what?"

"I call it the mechanical impresario. Watch how it works."

He twists a little wheel and the machine begins running. The manikin waves its hands—it tears its hair. The phonograph buzzes for a moment and then announces,

"Ze pairformance vill not be geef to-night. Non, non; ze pairformance vill not be geef to-night. I haf not got ze r-r-right kind of r-r-rock for ze mountain-scene. It make no diffairance zat ze seats are all sold. Ze pairformance vill not be geef to-night. Non, non; ze"——

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"I am gatherin' autumn leaves," remarked Wayward Hobbs, the hobo, as he plucked a couple of bathing-suits and a pair of duck trousers from the clothes-line and vanished into the cold winter night.

HOW COULD SHE TAKE IT?

DRUG-CLERK—"Shall I send this, or do you wish to take it home?"
MRS. MULLIGAN—"Shure, how kin Oi take it home if yez don't sind it?"

Hiram shuts it off at this point and says with a proud smile, "I could make it keep right on saying that all day."

"Looks like a good thing," we comment, gazing at the invention curiously; "but didn't you say it was a mechanical composer?"

"So it is—so it is. Look!"

Hiram picks up a bundle of old song-books. "The Galaxy of Melody," "A Bouquet of Ballads," "Songs of Other Days," "Gems from the Opera," and half a dozen more disappear into the hopper at the top. From a chute near the bottom there instantly comes the neatly-bound score of a musical play. The ink is scarcely dry.

"It is marvelous!" we gasp. "Is that all the blooming thing will do?"

"I should say not."

Hiram takes an arm-load of old almanacs, dusty comic papers and railroad jest-books and drops them into another hopper. From another chute falls a libretto, typewritten. It is the words for the musical play that has issued from the other chute. The jokes are all there just as we expect them. The dialogue is the same as we have come to cherish and revere. The songs are of the proper tra-la-la sort.

"Hiram K. Bliggers," we say ecstatically, "your fame is secure. Humanity will never forget you. It will place you on a high pedestal for this."

"Yes," agrees Hiram. Then a sudden doubt striking him, "But you don't think there is any chance of humanity's attaching me to that pedestal by a rope, do you?" For Hiram knows how some people feel toward the conventional form of musical farce-comedy. W. D. NESBIT.

YOU must walk a long time behind a gander before you find a peacock-feather.

WINTER QUARTERS.

TIRED THOMPSON—"So Weary hez got married? How did he come ter do dat?"
FRAYED FAGIN—"Well, yer see, Weary 's allers bin in de habit uv goin' ter jail fer de winter; but dis winter de jails is so crowded he decided ter try matrimony instead."

STRIKE

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THE GREAT MENACE TO OUR PROSPERITY.

HIS CONGLOMERATIPREDICAMENT.

"WELL, zish," said Mr. Ryefuddle, partially steadying himself by clawing on to the door-frame and gazing at the wife of his bosom with fishy and focusless eyes, "is the (hic) first time I ever saw a liv(hic)ing puzzle-picture. Now, which of the two is (hic) which and which is not (hic) which? In ozher words, which of 'em is (hic) her and which of her ain't one of (hic) 'em? On the ozher hand, which one of the two zhat I see is the (hic) one I don't see, and which is the (hic) one I see but don't think I do? I pause for a (hic) reply."

N. b.—He got it.

THE WICKED FAIRY.

Aunt (ending an exciting story)—"'And when she had said this the bad fairy disappeared in a cloud of smoke and flame'"——

Niece (eagerly)—"I know, auntie—in an automobile!"

LOCATING THE HOT AIR.

"HOW do you like that furnace I sold you last fall?" asked the dealer.

"It would be all right if there was as much hot air about it as there is about you," replied the present owner of the furnace.

A TERRIBLE JOLT.

MR. POEIT—"Genevieve, if the house should ever get on fire while I am away I hope you will remember to save my poetry before everything else."

MRS. POEIT—"Yes, I suppose I will. During a fire they say one always does the most foolish things."

AN ADDITIONAL EXPENSE.

Mrs. Backfields—"Dear me! my milk is sour again. They told us if we'd get a refrigerator we'd have no trouble about things keeping; so he went and bought a real pretty one, but the milk sours worse than ever."

Mrs. Sittiways—"Do you keep enough ice in it?"

Mrs. Backfields—"Ice? I hope you don't think, after spending all that money on a refrigerator, we'd go to the additional expense of buying ice!"

AT THE BLACKVILLE CHURCH.

PARSON JOHNSON—"De congregashun will now jine in singin' dat beautiful hymn, 'Tis wid de righteous well.' Membahs dat has deir spare cash invested in some 'ile-well' ain't expected ter gush much while singin' it."

AFTER THE PLAY.

A LITTLE bird, a little fill,
A little longing to be still;
A little call against your will,
A doctor, then a little pill.

NOT SO HIGH UP.

Stillwell Attit—"Is Penheld a hack writer?"

F. Unny Fellowes—"No; he's a slow coach."

WHY SHE CRIED.

"Boo-hoo! Willie 's gone an' proposed ter me twin sister, t'inkin' she was me."

A GOOD REASON.

I AM skipping down the road, and I think I'll soon explode
With the glee that gayly spiels from my head unto my heels.

All my sorrows from me flit, dust, vamoose, skedaddle, git,
And across the road's expanse see me caper, skip and dance

Like a wild man in the joy that has made of me a toy,
In the brightest red arrayed, since my taxes all are paid.

MENDELSSOHN was hard at work when a friend dropped in.

"Why don't you write that thing in A flat?" he inquired.

"Because," replied the great composer, "I am afraid of the janitor."

With an involuntary shudder, he hastily finished his concerto in G minor.

HELPED OUT.

She helped him out; she was most kind
And knew the poor youth could not find
Words his ideas to express
Because of his sad bashfulness
And some deficiencies of mind.

He really thought she was inclined
To him, but vanity is blind:
Because she pitied his distress
She helped him out.

But when he showed that he designed
In matrimonial chains to bind
The maiden, who then liked him less,
And scared her with a fond caress,
Her father, coming up behind,
Just helped him out.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

Waggsby—"Gracious! If young Gotrox and Miss Blublud are so fortunate as to have their marriage blessed with children the rising generation will be terrible talkers."

Naggsby—"Why so?"

Waggsby—"Why, if 'money talks' and 'blood will tell,' their progeny will inherit two mighty strong inducements to be communicative."—*Baltimore American.*

Alexander was blustering around demanding more worlds to conquer, when his wife called him aside.

"Alec," she whispered, tenderly, "mother dear is coming to visit us for a month."

With a shriek of despair he fled into the night and organized another campaign into Asia.—*New York Times.*

"My boy doesn't seem to have got along here very well," said the office-boy's father.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the employer, "I must say no."

"Ah! What's his trouble?"

"He hasn't any trouble; it's the rest of us who have had that."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

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The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

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WHITMAN'S Confections

For sale everywhere.

WHITMAN'S Instantaneous Chocolate.

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DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. I 2, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE GREAT GENERAL AND THE LITTLE BOY.

"What is that mighty clash of steel
That rings within my ear?"
"It is the fierce typewriter's note,
My son, that causes fear."

"Those ruddy stains upon your hand—
Why do they make me shrink?"
"I've just come from the war, my son,
And these are spots of ink."

"What caused these wounds which I behold
With feelings of unrest?"
"My son, I scratched my hand against
The medals on my chest."
—*Washington Star.*

Tommy—"Pop, Latin is one of the dead languages, isn't it?"

Tommy's pop—"Yes, my son."

Tommy—"Then I s'pose that's the reason the doctors write their prescriptions that way, isn't it?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

If over the door of every house
An angel placed, some night,
A sign to show who lived within,
And gave red signs to those who sin,
And made all others white,
I fancy that when we awoke and knew
That all the truth was known,
Each man would gaze at his neighbor's door
And wonder and doubt a while before
He dared to look at his own.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

TO THE ROOTS.

A SCHOOL BOY DIGS DOWN TO FIND FOOD TO BUILD HIM RIGHT.

A good, straightforward letter was recently sent by a bright, clever youth which shows his ability to go to the bottom of a trouble and rectify it.

He says, "I attended High School for three years but made little progress. I did not enjoy good health; my food was not properly digested; this caused headache and hence I could not study. I tried taking exercise in the football field, but was unable to stand it as it always increased my headache.

"During the summer holidays I began eating Grape-Nuts and the benefit was immediate, the headache stopped, my food digested properly so that I had no more stomach trouble, my general health improved, my weight increased and my brain was clear and bright.

"The result was that this summer I procured Junior Leaving and Junior Matriculation Standing. I also took my place on the foot-ball team as half-back and played in all the games of 1901.

"This wonderful increase in mental and physical health I attribute to no other cause than the nourishment I got from Grape-Nuts. I recommend them to everybody who desires health. I am only a boy of 17 years, but my weight is 148 pounds and this weight was procured solely by the use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason why Grape-Nuts should correct a delicate, physical, or a sluggish mental condition. The food is highly nutritious and is predigested so that it helps the digestive organs to assimilate other food. It is also rich in the phosphates that go directly to make up the delicate gray matter of brain and nerve centres.

Exclusively for Gentlemen of Delicate Taste.

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F. GARCIA & BROS. FINE HAVANA CIGARS TAMPA TRADE MARK.

OFFICE: 126 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

"There's no use o' talkin'," said Mrs. Corntossel, "this thing o' bein' a congressman must mean some mighty hard work."

"I don't see why."

"Jes' think of it! A congressman packs up an' moves to Washington, an' he doesn't no more'n get settled than along comes a vacation and he's got to pack up and move home again."—*Washington Star.*

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, to be the best tonic for family use.

Mrs. Subbubs—"It's bitter cold out to-night. It's a comfort to be in our warm home and listen to the wind whistle."

Mr. Subbubs—"Yes; especially since it doesn't attempt to whistle popular airs."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Delicious Digestive

Chartreuse

—GREEN OR YELLOW—

THE HIGHEST GRADE CORDIAL. A GLASS AFTER DINNER IS A WONDERFUL AID TO DIGESTION

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

"Have you read Wrighter's new work of fiction?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've only read the advance notices; but I suppose there is really more fiction in them than there is in the book itself."—*Baltimore Herald.*

The tone of the Sohmer Piano is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

Are You an Ale Drinker?

If you are a good thinker as well as a good drinker you will order

Evans' ALE

The Ale of *QUALITY*, backed by 118 years of conscientious brewing. You would have to pay as high for it as for foreign brands if its brewers followed the English custom of allowing outsiders to do the bottling.

EVERY DEALER SELLS IT.

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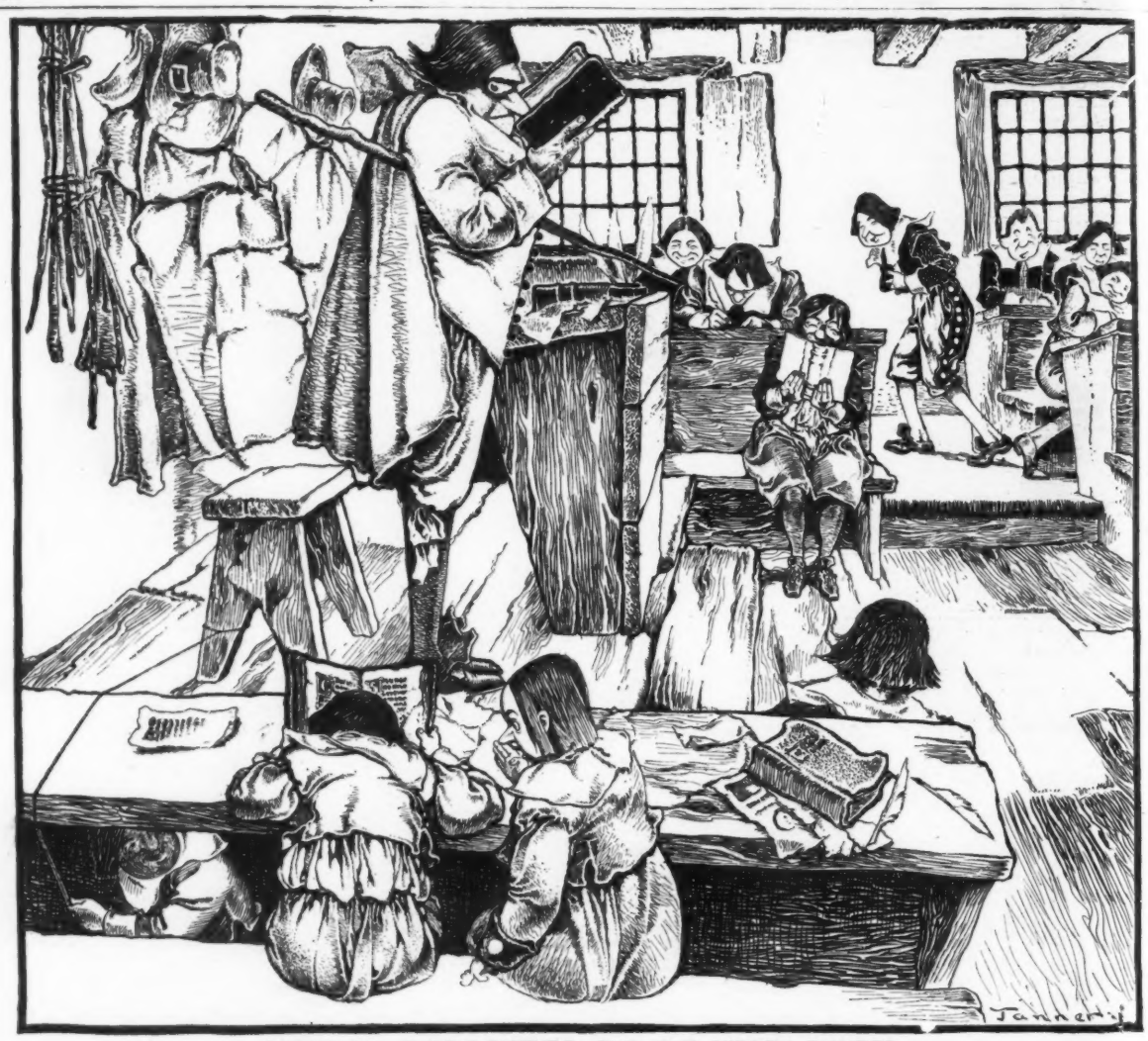

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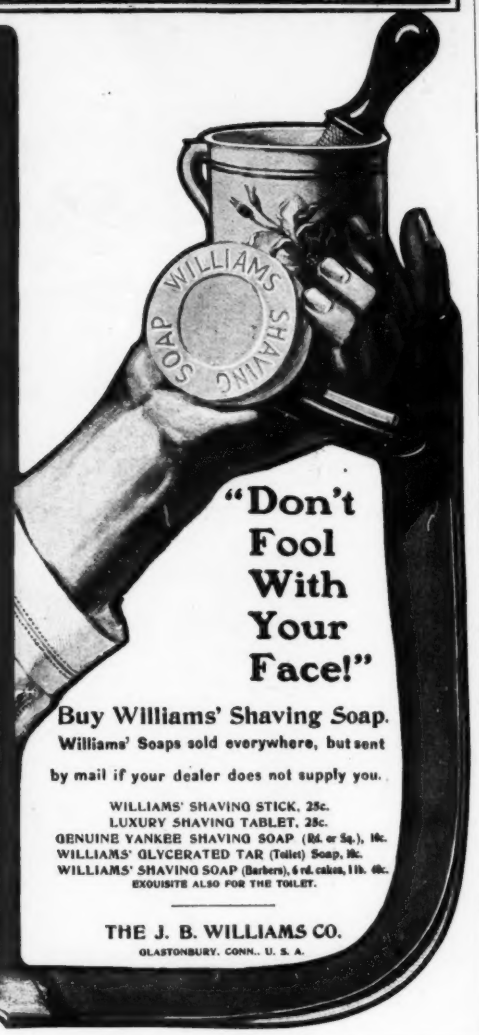

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Mamma—"Don't be so selfish. Let your baby brother play with your marbles a little while."

Tommy—"But he means to keep them always."

Mamma—"Oh, I guess not."

Tommy—"I guess yes, 'cause he's swallered 'em."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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Miles—"You don't say! How did it happen?"

Giles—"He was playing roulette."

Miles—"Where did the torture come in?"

Giles—"Why, he was broken at the wheel."—*Chicago News.*

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Farmer Peavine—"By jings! four different fellers stopped me on the street to-day and axed me if I didn't want to put a thousand in an investment that paid five hundred per cent. a month. Gosh! I guess I must look like Jay Gould or Jay Cooke, or some of them feenancers."

City nephew—"Oh, they undoubtedly took you for one of the jays, uncle."—*Kansas City Journal.*

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HE—"A penny for your thoughts."
SHE—"Too little!"
HE—"A dollar, then."
SHE—"Seventy cents too much—I was thinking of you!"

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE BOY 'AT BROKE MY SLED.

'Twus icy on th' sidewalk down apast th' Smiffses place
An' mommy said 'at I could go an' coast
'F I'd fasten my big comforter all up aroun' my face
An' wrap up so I'd purty nearly roast.
I done it 'cause I couldn't stay inside th' house when Bill
An' all th' other boys was havin' fun;
An' so I said t' mommy, "Well, ist wrap me all y' will;
They's lots an' lots o' slidin' t' be done."

I got my bran'-new sled out 'at ole Santy brought t' me
(I say 'at cause my mommy wants me to—
I'm 'way too big t' think they is a Santy —yes, sir-ee),
An' it's all painted red an' white an' blue.
I started out a-slidin', an' hollered ist my best—
I went down that ole slippery place like Ned.
But purty soon a grea' big boy come sneakin' past th' rest
An' upset me an' broked my bran'-new sled.

I got right up an' 'zamined it an' found its runner broked,
An' somepin' in my froat felt like 'twould bust.
I ketched my breaf an' swallered an' I purty-nearly choked,
An' 'nen—'n 'nen I cried, because I must.
An' I don't care 'f I did; I guess most anyone 'ould bawl
If they'd ist got a start t' have some fun
An' some big feller'd come apast an' broked their sled an' all
An' 'nen ist laffed an' went off on th' run.

Some day, a long, long time from now, when I'm a grown-up man,
I'm goin' t' find out who 'at big boy was,
An' I'll ist do 'im all the harm I ever, ever can,
An' when I'm froo I'll tell 'im 'twas because
One time when I was little an' my mommy let me coast
When I'd been in th' house till I's most dead,
An' I'd been wrapped up like a girl until I nearly roast,
W'y he come 'long an' broked my bran'-new sled.

—*Baltimore American.*

Cæsar was fighting his last battle, when his best friend advanced against him.

"And thou, too, Brutus?" he faltered.

"No, not two," replied that worthy. "It's three strikes and out!"

Hereupon he inserted his dagger three times in the royal person, while poor Julius, overcome by the attempted humor, fell at the base of Pompey's statue.—*New York Herald.*

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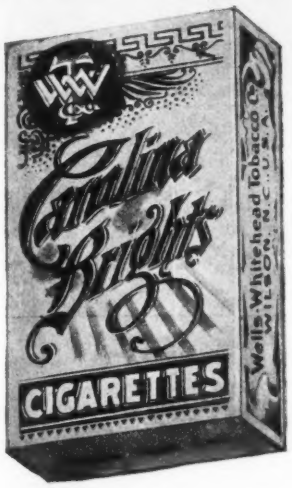

Though men pervert our mother tongue
  Until we want to shun it,
You never hear the katydid
  Remark that Katy done it.
—*New York Times.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

AN A 1 APOSTROPHE.

The colonel told me
That the constitution
And the cocktail
Follow
The flag.
He gave me
An amber-colored beverage,
With a roguish little cherry
Nestling at the bottom;
And, oh!
Little friend,
When I felt
That delicious liquid
Trickle
Down the corridors
Of my innermost being
All
The incandescent lights
Were turned on
And the birds
Began to sing.
I
Felt myself
Bursting
Into full bloom,
Like
A timid little flower
Kissed
By the morning sunlight:
So—
I ordered two more.
—*George Ade in "The Sultan of Sulu."*

Wife—"That young man who calls on our daughter has me guessing."
Husband—"How's that?"
Wife—"I don't know whether he is economical or has a grudge against the gas company."—*Chicago News.*

"Sarann!"
"Yes, pa."
"Have you and Major Tompkin's boy got your kiss certificates out there?"
"Yes, pa; all right."
"Go on, then. I don't want no health officer 'restin' me for illegal kissin' on these premises. Durn if I ever hearn of sech things before the war."—*Washington Times.*

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BOTTLED IN BOND

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

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The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

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"Say, Jimmie, what's the matter with Nellie, that she treats us so chilly?"
"I heard she had the chill-blains, so I s'pects that's the reason."

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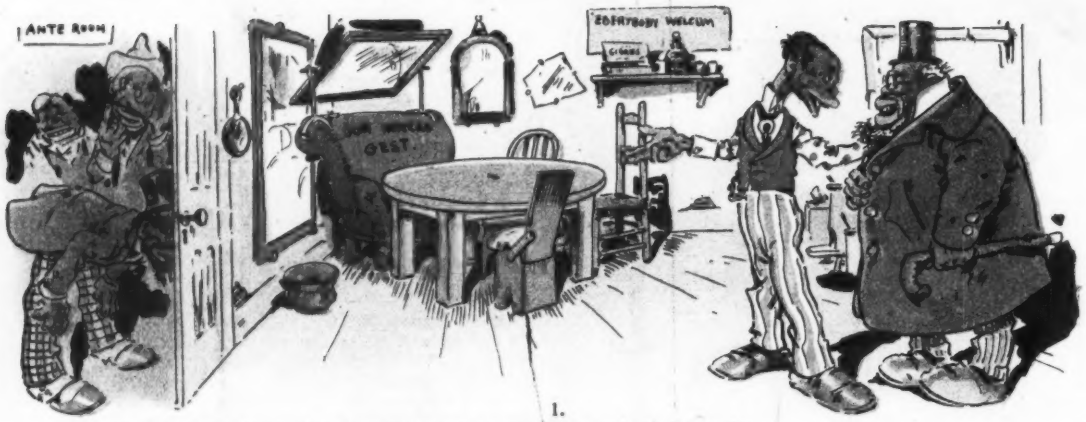

1.

DEACON PURSESTRINGS—"Is yo' gwine ter open a crystal maze heah, Moses?"

MOSE (*the proprietor*)—"Nopey, deacon; we's organizin' a mirror club fo' de entertainment ob our dearest fren's. Ebery one dat jines it mus' bring a mirror ter hang up behind de honored guest's chair. Dat's de place yo' will occupy dis ebenin', de occasion ob our fust meetin'. Maik yo'self at home an' be welcome."

2.

HOST—"Gemmen, allow me ter introjuice ter yo' de honored guest ob de ebenin', Deacon Pursestrings, who will open de ceremonies wif prayers."

3.

DEACON PURSESTRINGS (*getting onto the job*)—"It 'pears ter me yo' gemmen, wif de aid ob dose mirrors behind me, am curlin' yo'r mustaches mo' dan is abs'lutely necessary."

4.

DEACON PURSESTRINGS (*continuing*)—"I'm gwine ter introjuice mahself as de honored guest ob de ebenin', an' I'm gwine ter take an active part in de closin' ceremonies."

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